

After The Sirens "Curare On Your Lips"

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Welcome to the last time
That You can buy my answer
With less than a question
I would sell the hands off my wrists
If they weren't so preoccupied
With taking the bread from Your fingers

And downing this cheap new years wine
That we call Your blood
And You can wait for midnight
But my lips are sealed
And You can wait for midnight
But my lips are sealed

In this garden I'm waiting anxiously
For my children to come and murder me
In this crowded room, staring nervously
Lovers lick at their lips and wait for the kiss

I've been sharpening
My teeth for this moment
And I'll stab with my lips
But You've already won

Is there no resolution?
Well, Ill call these rafters my gallows
And strung up by day-old party streamers
In the back of my mind I can see
The Merlot dripping from Your hands and feet

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